

## HAZLE KIRKE.

BY MARIE WALSH.

### Bred on the Popular Play now being Performed by the Madison Square Theatre Company.

"I say, Villus, my dear boy, this won't do," said Lord Arlington, touching his friend on the arm; "everybody is looking at our box, sit down, can't you?"

"By Heaven, it is she!" cried Sir Charles, passionately.

"My dear Villus, sit down. We shall be the talk of every club in town if you show your enthusiasm so openly," and the young lord gently forced his friend to his seat.

"Do you know Miss King?"

"Yes, I know her; at least, I think I do."

"I will tell you the circumstance when I have made sure that my suspicions are correct."

During the remainder of the opera, Sir Charles Villus sat back in his box thinking of Hazel. He had never seen her since the day he had met her in Regent street and sent his tiger to follow her. He had kept the promise he made to Hazel, and had informed his master that he had lost sight of the lady in the crowd. Sir Charles had given the boy a scolding and then forgotten the matter. His passion for the beautiful girl, which had been checked for a moment, returned in tenfold intensity when he beheld her on the stage of the Comedy Theatre, and he was determined that she should not elude him again. As soon as the curtain fell, he nodded to Lord Arlington, mingled with the crowd, and disappeared.

Lord Arlington had the entire to the green-room, he pushed through the crowd and entered by a side door. Here he saw his friend in violent altercation with the manager, Lord Devon. Sir Charles, who was very much excited, his face was deadly pale; his eyes wild and fierce, and his whole appearance completely changed from the languid, indolent being who had said good-bye to Lord Arlington a few minutes before. For a moment the latter was undecided whether it was his friend or not.

"I say, Villus, what are you raising such a row about? Mr. Henderson, what's up?"

"Your friend, my lord, insists on seeing Miss King, and he is determined to introduce any one to her. She has threatened to leave the theatre if I did not put a stop to the gentleman forcing himself on her."

"But I tell you I am an old acquaintance of the lady."

"I am really very sorry, but I assure you it is quite impossible," said the manager, with a deprecating bow.

"I tell you, sir, I must see her in spite of all the managers' iron rules to hinder. I must see her."

"My lord, I am sorry not to be able to oblige you, but it is simply impossible. I tell you again the lady will not see you. She is now in the box, and I do not like to offend her. Miss King does not care for gentlemen's society."

"In the name of all that is absurd, what have come over you, Villus? What do you want to see Miss King for? Go and do it."

"I want to see Mrs. Carringtonford. And I will see her in spite of you all."

"Who the deuce is Mrs. Carringtonford? Oh, Villus, you have lost your senses. What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, don't bother me; I can not tell you; you would not understand."

"My dear boy, I begin to think Miss King has bewitched you. I don't wonder at it, though; she has earned all our hearts."

"The lady is about to leave the theatre; perhaps if you follow her, my lord, you may have a chance to speak to her," said the suave manager, who was anxious, if possible, to conclude his patron's visit.

Sir Charles rushed after the figure of the departing girl, and overtook her just as she reached the outside of the stage-door.

"Mrs. Carringtonford," cried the baronet gallantly.

As he called her by the old, familiar name, she turned suddenly and looked at him with a startled expression in her large, blue eyes, whose glance cast a spell over him, causing him to melt in a moment of rapture. She was fairly pale from anger and fright, remembering the day that she had made her escape from his house in Hanover Terrace and her adventure in Regent Street. As Hazel was naturally cunning, she at once determined to ignore Sir Charles Villus.

"Mrs. Carringtonford, you see me again," said the presuming nobleman, with a smile in which lurked a sinister meaning.

Hazel glanced at him, and then drew back in haughty surprise.

"My lord, what does this mean?" she said, turning to Lord Arlington.

"Are you mad, Villus?" whispered Lord Arlington, fiercely. Then he said, aloud: "Miss King, you will please excuse my lady. Unless he has gone crazy, I do not know how to account for his conduct. Allow me to present him—Sir Charles Villus."

Hazel bowed, and the faintest ghost of a smile wandered around her lips. Sir Charles passed his hand across his brow like one bewildered.

"You will excuse me, Miss King, but you resemble a friend of mine that I could almost swear that you were she."

"Indeed?" said Hazel, shrugging her shoulders. "Such resemblances are often very deceptive."

"Very," said Lord Arlington. "There's an old superstition, you know, that we all have a double somewhere in this world."

At this moment Sam made his appearance with Edith and Grace Morford.

"Miss King, I am sorry to keep you waiting for us," said Sam.

Hazel turned to Lord Arlington.

"Please excuse me, my lord. Good-evening gentlemen," and then hastened to overtake her friends.

When Edith took Hazel's arm, she felt that the latter was trembling violently.

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?"

"I do not feel well, dear. I believe I must have caught cold."

"I do not wonder. Our dressing-rooms are so damp," replied Edith.

"Ask Sam to call a cab, I don't feel able to walk."

Edith called out:

"Sam, call a cab, please. We are not going to walk to-night."

"Oh, bother! You girls are getting lazy," Sam replied, as he did as she requested.

"Indeed, Sam, you don't care any more about walking home than we do," said Edith.

When the cab drew up to the curbstone, Grace also remarked that she felt tired and should be glad to get home.

Sam assisted the ladies in the cab, gave the driver the address, then jumped in himself, and they drove off.

Sir Charles Villus stood watching the vehicle as it was driven away, and he muttered, under his breath:

"Very well acted, my lady; but you will be glad to acknowledge my acquaintance the next time we meet."

He took Lord Arlington's arm and walked over to his own carriage, while a dark shadow on his handsome face revealed the dark, sinister thoughts which occupied his mind at that moment.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Lord Travers remained in London a few days until it was convenient for his friend, the clergyman, to accompany him to Brighton. He had examined matters in the morning, and was eager to assist him in righting his unintentional wrong. The very day that Hazel, attended by Barney O'Flynn, left Brighton for London, Lord Travers, accompanied by his friend and Captain Green, arrived home by the ten o'clock train.

As the carriage drove up to the villa, Clara ran to open the hall door, for she was very much surprised at the arrival of her mistress that morning.

"All well, Clara?" asked Lord Travers, as he entered the hall.

"Quite well, Mr. Carringtonford; but we did not expect you."

"Why, I wrote to your mistress that I should return to-day."

"Oh, that must be the letter that came after my mistress left this morning."

Lord Travers looked surprised, but he controlled himself and said: "James show the gentlemen to their rooms."

The butler led the way upstairs, and directed Mr. Howard and the Captain to their chambers. As soon as Lord Travers found himself alone with Clara, he turned to her and asked: "Where is your mistress?"

Clara glanced at her master in momentary hesitation before she replied, "Mrs. Carringtonford went to London this morning."

"To London?"

"Yes, sir, with Barney O'Flynn. She told me that she received a telegram from you last night, and she went to meet you."

Lord Travers was two much astonished to reply:

"Mrs. Carringtonford left by the early train, at 11.25 and 1.00 at Mrs. Rosenfield's."

## THE YOUNGEST VANDERBILT.

A Student of Books and Art—His Well-filled Library.

New York World.

The public has been already well informed by The World concerning the past and present and the probable future of "the" two Vanderbilt brothers—the two eldest and richest that is to say. But how about the other brothers, for there are two other brothers, a younger son cut off with a paltry ten million dollars, which is "Vanderbilt" for a shilling. But stop! Was not the youngest left something else by his father's will? Yes, indeed he was, and something more in accordance with his tastes than endless millions of money, with the care and anxiety that such a vast property must involve. The extensive collection of pictures, the gorgeous Vanderbilt palace, all these are George Vanderbilt's, or will be at the death of his mother. Besides this he already owns all the large Staten Island property with its hundreds of acres.

When Phaeton, the son of Apollo, tried to drive his father's sun-chariot, he drove it "all to smash," with great neatness and dispatch. Are the young Vanderbilts going to manage any better with the great chariot they have to manage? Can they hold in hand all these great iron horses and drive their huge railways and vast enterprises any better than poor Phaeton did? Supposing, however, that they do drive to financial perdition, George will still have his great Staten Island estate, that must surely increase enormously in value, and his collection of gems of modern art, which must also become more and more valuable, so that his pittance is probably safer and surer, and more suited to a man of his quiet tastes than his brother's turbulent hundreds of millions would be. His fortune is invested rather in the Astor than in the Vanderbilt style. There is a literary Astor in this generation. Behold, now, there is also a literary Vanderbilt.

George Vanderbilt, with rare taste and discretion, confines his literary tastes to reading, loving and collecting books. He is literary in the passive rather than in the active sense of the word, and has as yet added nothing to the already swollen stream of modern literature. But his collection of books of original MSS., is very fine, and arranged in the most tasteful manner. Tier upon tier of books rise to the lofty ceiling, and their owner has shown both ingenuity and good taste in the arrangement of valuable pamphlets, original manuscripts, etc. He has too much of the true Bibliophile to spoil old books by the profanation of new covers; neither does he want to fill his fine library with shelves containing rows of ragged looking backs. So he has hit upon an ingenious and excellent device. He has had beautiful separate covers, that is to say, bindings that can be removed, placed on these rare works. In this library George Vanderbilt loves to pass his time alone—yet not alone—with his favorites. Not a man of very robust health, he has wisely chosen to spend his time in the pursuits most congenial to him. He cares very little for society and refuses almost all invitations. Simple in his tastes, he does not enjoy the pomp and ceremony of great dinners, during his father's lifetime he often excused himself from the state entertainments of the Vanderbilt mansion.

Such is George Vanderbilt, the intellectual member of a family eminent chiefly for their extraordinary business talent. Young, pensive, retiring, yet bright and agreeable among his friends and intimates, delicate rather than strong, with none of the horsey inclination of his father and grandfather; with true scholarly tastes, loving books, pictures and beautiful things; a bachelor owning \$10,000,000 in his own right, besides 400 acres only a few miles from New York City, and holding the reversionary interest in a grand picture gallery and veritable palace—how does he compare with the youngest son of an English nobleman? Indeed, is he not better off than a younger son of royalty—living pensioned off in one of the Queen's palaces? His present income may be estimated at about five hundred thousand dollars per annum, all the stocks and bonds left by his father being above par.



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## WASHINGTON.

The following poem was read by Miss Laura Smith at the Female Academy in this city, on the 23d inst.,—constituting a portion of the exercises in the celebration of Washington's birth day. It was written for her by Hon. John F. House.

"The father of his country!" Can More lofty praise be rendered man? Along no line of song or story— Upon no burning page of glory— On no immortal roll of fame Laves there a more undying name.

The sword that set his country free Bids not her children bend the knee— Upon their necks no galling yoke, A tyrant's hateful triumph spike; He only dyed his blade in blood For freedom's and his country's good.

First, in the foremost line, to bare His bosom to the shock of war— First, in the hour of peace, to save The country from his valor gave— First in his country's grateful heart Above all men, he lives—apart.

Whatever others may have done, There is no second Washington— Thousands of stars of different size May beam resplendent in the skies, But in his orb the royal sun Shines all alone—there is but one.

His "monument," that tells to heaven The proudest nation's homage given, Has, toward the stars been nearer sent Than brass or marble ever went; So, he, in moral grandeur stands, Above the greatness of all lands.

Men from all nations of the earth Have blessed the day that gave him birth, Were "necks" his freedom's sheltering dome The weary exile finds a home, And as he trends Mt. Vernon's sod Lifts up his heart in thanks to God.

That "pilgrim shrine" that holds his dust, Our wives and daughters love in trust, Their vigils they will ever keep Where his immortal ashes sleep, While by his tomb the grand old river "Rolls, mingling with his foam, forever."

The Fortune of No. 19 St. Charles Street.

Yesterday at noon a reporter for the *Penguin* met in the reception room of the Louisiana State Lottery Company's office Mr. Leon Marthe, the well-known proprietor of No. 19 St. Charles street. He had called to transact a little business, and taking out his pocket-book he displayed a lottery ticket which was stamped \$9,255, one-tenth of the First Capital Prize in Dec. 16 Drawing—one-tenth of \$150,000, or \$15,000 for one dollar.—N. O. *Penguin*, Dec. 19.

L.S.L.

Capital Prize, \$150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we approve the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith towards all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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4 LARGE PRIZES OF \$1,000... 4,000  
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